

Hello Mikleo: Sorey's lost letter

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Category: Tales of Zestiria

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Mikleo, Sorey

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 20:07:55

Updated: 2016-04-11 20:07:55

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:44:45

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 872

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hello Mikleo. It's me, Sorey. But you probably recognised my handwriting even now.

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Hello Mikleo. It's me, Sorey. But you probably recognised my handwriting even now.

I'm going to ask Lailah to give this to you in a hundred years. Because I don't know whether you'll need it or not. I would want to leave something like this to you anyway, but if I'm going to leave a letter, I should leave it to be read after a long time, to space things out. I don't know how long I'll be gone.

I wonder what you look like now? It's strange, writing to you when I can't see you. Well, I can see you, you're reading a book in the corner. But I don't know what you'll look like in the future when you read this. I hope you're happy.

You've probably got taller. You probably wear different clothes, I don't know what the fashion will be a hundred years from now. You might have changed your hair. I always thought that you'd look good with shorter hair but I never told you that because I was worried that you would go ahead with it and then you wouldn't like it and it might turn to resentment. I never want you to resent me. I hope you don't resent me now. But whatever you look like you'll still look like you because you'll still have your eyes. They may look older or wiser but they'll still be yours. That's the most important thing.

I wanted to reach out to you across the decades to talk to you. I don't know about what. To remind you of me? I don't think you'll need me too. I'd try to comfort you but we both know I can't make promises about the future. If I were in your position I think I'd just be happy hearing your words for the first time in years. So I'll just talk to you.

We had stew for dinner. You got it all around your mouth and nobody told you. We were all laughing behind your back. Sorry.

I like black stuffs. You always make fun of me for being terrible cook, and I know it makes you frustrated when you try to teach me and I still make everything black but I like the taste of burnt sugar. Call me crazy.

You were terrible at baking. I know that you know that you're terrible at baking, but when I was eating your cakes and giving you constructive criticism, I was making all of that up and throwing the cakes in the fire. Sorry, again.

I always thought your outfit was terrible. The pattern at the hem of the trousers was terrible, all those belts at the side were terrible. They served no purpose at all and the whole thing was too fussy. The cut of it made you look so much skinnier than you are. I hope you are dressing better in the future.

This is turning a bit of an unload. I'll think of some nicer things.

I always look up to you. When we were little you were the bigger, stronger one until suddenly I was the bigger stronger one. I never shook the feeling that you were the older one, the grownup. Even to this day, I always need you to be the sensible one.

I've never tasted a sorbet that was better than yours.

I always liked your hair. It's so shiny and soft and blue and silvery and it seems unfair that mine is just brown.

I was often jealous of you. You were the one who got to live forever, the one with the magic powers. I was just the human. What did I get? I got nothing before I was shepherd. As it is now I'm so glad that you're the one living forever because it means I'll have a good chance of seeing you again.

And I worry that you'll find new friends and lead an exciting life and I'll be just a shadow of a memory. I also worry about what will happen if you don't and that you might spend all your time in mourning over me. Please be as happy as you can without forgetting about me.

But I'm also excited to think about what you might have done. You're super smart and have so much conviction, I'm sure you've done great things. I'm almost certainly proud of you. Go Mikleo!

I know you might be worried that if I do come back as a seraph I'll forget you. Lailah said that when a human turns into a seraph they only remember the most important things to them. I want you to have no doubt that that's you. You're at the top of the list. I don't even know what would come in second and third. Archaeology maybe? Rose and the other seraphs? It would be a distant second.

Also I love you. Don't think I could ever say to you in person. It would get weird and super heavy and you may even start crying for the first time in years.

I wish you all the best in your long and wonderful future. I look forward to hearing about it.

I'll see you when I see you,

Yours,

Sorey.

End
file.